He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe.
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace.
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe;but let me tell the world,
If he out liue the enuy of this day
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſin I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies:neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme,arme with ſpeede,& fellows,ſouldiers,friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your bloud vp with perſwaſion *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O,Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely,were too long.
If life did ride vpon a dialles point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kinges,
If die,braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences,the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,
Hot. I thenke him,that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking,onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt:and here draw I a ſword,
VVhoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
VVith the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance Percy,and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth,ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.
Here they embrace,the trumpets ſound,the King enters with his power,alarme to the battell,then enter Douglas,and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name,that in battel thus thou croſſeſt me
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then,my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenes,for in ſtead of thee,King Harry
This ſword hath ended him,ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot
And thou ſhalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight,Dowglas kils Blunt,then enters Hotſpur.
Hot. O Dowglas,hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Doug. Als done,als woon,here breathles lies the King,
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This,Douglas? no,I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was,his name was Blunt,
Semblably furniſht like the king himſelfe.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes
A borrowed title haſt thou bought to deare,
Why didſt thou tell me,that thou wert a King?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my ſword,I will kill all his coates,
Ile murther all his wardrope,piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp,and away,
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarme,Enter Falſtaff ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot free at London, I feare the ſhot here,her's no ſcoring but vpō the pate.Soft,who are you? ſir Walter Blunt,ther's honor for you,her's no vanity, I am as